But now diſdaine doth braede my paine;
And thou canſt not denie:
But that I loued thee ouer well,
That cauſed mee to die.
The hound that ſerues his Maiſters will,
in raunging here and there:
The moyling Horſe that labours ſtill,
his burden great to beare.
In lew of paine, receiues againe
of him which did him owe:
As Natures beaſt, willes moſt and leaſt,
them thankefull for to ſhow.
¶ The Lyon, and the Tiger ſtout,
as Nature doth them binde:
For loue, like loue repaires againe,
in ſtories wee do finde.
Thoſe beaſts & birds, both wilde and tame
of freendſhips lore can tell:
But thy reply, willes mee to die,
that loued thee ouer well.
¶ Therfore my Deare, and Darling faire,
enſample take by thoſe:
Which equally with loue againe,
their louing mindes diſpoſe:
And giue ſome glee, whoſe death wee ſee,
approched very nie:
Without hee gaine to eaſe his paine,
which loueth thee hartily.
¶ Then ſhall they ſay that ſee the ſame,
where euer that they goe:

D7v

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where euer that they goe:

D7v

My daily cares night doth renew,
To thinke how hee did mee betray:
And when my weary limmes would rest,
My slepe vnsound hath dreadfull dreames,
Thus grœuous greefes my hart doth wrest:
That still mine eyes run downe like stremes
¶ And yet full oft it doth mee good,
To haunt the place where hee hath bin:
To kisse the ground wheron hee stoode,
When hee alas my loue did win.
To kisse the bed wheron wee lay:
Now may I thinke vnto my paine,
O blissfull place full oft I say:
Render to mee my loue agayne.
¶ But all is lost that may not bee,
Another doth possesse my right:
His cruell hart disdaineth mee,
New loue hath put the olde to flight:
Hee loues to see my watered eyes,
And laughes to sees how I too pine:
No wordes can well my woes comprise,
Alas what greefe is like to mine?
¶ You comly Dames beware by mee,
To rue swœt wordes of fickle trust:
For I may well example bee,
How lied talke oft prones vniust.
But sith deceipt haps to my pay,
Good Ladies helpe my dolefull tunes:
That you may heare and after say,
Loe, this is shee whom lope consumes.

D 2

¶ A proper Sonet, intituled: I ſmile to ſee how you deuiſe. To any plaine tune.

I Smyle to ſee how you deuiſe,
New maſking nettes mine eyes to bleare,
Your ſelfe can not diſguiſe:
But as you are you muſt appeare.
¶ Your pryuie winkes at home I ſee,
And how you ſet your running minde:
Your ſelfe you cannot hide from mee,
Although I winke I am not blinde.
¶ The ſecrete ſighes and faigned theare,
That oft doth paine thy carefull breſt:
To mee right plainly doth appeare,
I ſee in whom thy hart doth reſt.
¶ And though thou makeſt a fained boſt,
That Loue no more thy hart ſhould nip:
Yet thinke I know as well as thou,
The fickle helme doth gide the ſhip.
¶ The Salamander in the fire,
By courſe of kinde doth bathe his limmes:
The floating fiſh taketh his deſire,
In running ſtreames, wheras hee ſwimmes.
¶ So thou in chaunge doſt take delight,
Full well I know thy ſlippery kinde:
In vaine thou ſæmſt to dim my ſight,
Thy rowling eyes bewrayeth thy minde.
¶ I ſee him ſmile that doth poſſeſſe,
Thy loue which once I honoured moſt:
If hee be wiſe, hee may well geſſe,
Thy loue ſoone won, wil ſoone be loſt.

¶ Now must I depart with sighing teares,
With sobbing hart and burninge eares:
Pale in the face, and faint as I may,
Trust mee truely:
But I hope our next meeting, a ioyfull day,
In due time duely.

The painefull plight of a Louer oppressed with the beautifull lookes of his Lady.

To the tune: I loued her ouer well.

WHen as thy eyes, the wretched spies,
did breede my cause of care:
And Sisters three, did full agree,
my fatall three to spare.
Then let these wordes engraued bee,
on Tombe wheras I lie:
What here lyes one, whom spiteful loue,
hath caused for to die.
¶ Sometime I spend, the night to ende,
in dolours and in woe:
Sometime againe, vnto my paine,
my cheefest ioy doth grow.
When as in minde, thy shape I finde,
as fancy doth mee tell:
Whom now I know, as proofe doth show
I loued thee ouer well.
¶ How oft within my wretched armes,
desired I to folde:
The Christall corpes, of whom I ioyed,
more dearer than of Golde:

¶ Then ſithe Gods will was euen ſo,
Why ſhould you diſdaine your Louer tho?
But rather with a willing hart,
Loue him truely:
For in ſo doing, you doo but your parte,
Let reaſon rule yee.
¶ Conſider (my ſweete) what ſighes & ſobbes,
Doth nip my hart with cruell throbbes:
And all my deere for the loue of you,
Truſt mee truely:
But I truſt that you will ſome mercy ſhew,
In due time duely.
¶ If that you do my caſe well way,
And ſhew ſome ſigne wherby I may
Haue ſome good hope of your good grace,
Truſt mee truely:
I ſhall thinke my ſelfe in a bleſſed caſe,
Let reaſon rule yee.
¶ And for my part as longe as I liue,
To loue you faithfully my hand I giue:
Renouncing all other euen for your ſake,
Truſt mee truely:
And on that condition my faith I betake,
In due time duely.
¶ Well, (ſaid ſhe) time wee will depart,
And kepe you this King, as a token of my hart:
Vntill ſuch time wee meete againe,
Let reaſon rule yee:
Then a comfortable anſwere I hope to obtaine
In due time duely.

Now

¶ And sith thou canst no man intice,
That hee should still loue thee alone:
Thy beauty now hath lost his price,
I see thy sauory sent is gone.
¶ Therfore leaue of thy wonted play,
But as thou art thou wilt appeare
Unlesse thou canst deuise a way,
To darke the Sunne that shines so cleare.
¶ And keepe thy freend whom thou hast won
In truth to him thy loue supply:
Least hee at length, as I haue done,
Take off thy belles and let thee flie.

A Sonet of two faithfull Louers, exhorting one another to bee constante.

To the tune of Kipassie.

THe famous Prince of Macedon,
Whose warres increast his worthy name:
Triumphed not so when he had won,
By conquest great immortall fame,
As I reioyce, reioyce:
For thee my choyce, with hart and voice,
Since thou art mine:
Whom longe to loue, the Gods assigne.
¶ The secret flames of this my loue,
The starres had wrought ere I was borne,
Whose sugred force my hart doth moue:
And eke my will so sure hath sworne
That Fortunes lore, no more,
Though I therfore, did life abhorre:
Shall neuer make,
Forgetfull dewes, my hart to slake.

D3 recto

4

¶ If that I false my faith to thée,
Or seeke to chaunge for any new:
If thoughtes appeare so yll in mée,
If thou thy life shalt iustly rew.
Such kinde of woe, of woe,
A freend or foe, might mee to show:
Betide mee than,
Or worse if it may hap to man.
¶ Then let vs ioy in this our loue,
In spite of Fortunes wrath my deare:
Two willes in one as doth behoue,
One loue in both, let still appeare.
And I will bee, will bee,
Piramus to thee, mine owne Thisbie:
So thou againe,
My constant Louer shall remaine.

A proper new Dittie, intituled: Fye vpon Loue and all his Lawes. *To the tune of Lomberne.*

Such bitter fruit thy Loue doth yeeld,
Such broken [illegible], such hope vnsure:
Thy call so oft hath mee beguiled,
That I vneath can well indure:
But cry (alas) as I haue cause,
Fie vpon Loue and all his lawes.
¶ Like Pyramus I sighe and groue,
Whom steny walles kept from his Loue,
And as the wofull Palemon,
A thousand stormes for thee I prooue.
Yet thou a cruell Tigers whelpe,
All slayest the hart whom thou maist helpe.

¶ A

D3v

to sundry new Tunes.

The Shepsters in the Shops that sowes,
they doo nothing but let mée. But f[illegible]e,
But were it in the wit of man,
by any meanes to make it:
I could for money buy it than,
and say faire Lady take it. Thus faine, &c.
¶ Oh Lady what a lucke is this,
that my good willing misseth:
To finde what prety thing it is
that my good Lady wisheth.
Thus faine would I haue had this prety thing
to giue vnto my Lady:
I saide no harme, nor I ment no harme,
but as prety a thing as may bee.

A proper wooing Songe, intituled: Mayde will yee loue mee, yea, or no?

To the tune of the Marchaunts Daughter went ouer the feelde.

MAyde will you loue mee, yea, or no?
Tell mee the truth, and let me goe:
It can be no lesse then a sinfull deede,
Trust mee truely:
To linger a Louer that faine would spéede,
In due time duely.
¶ You Mayds that thinke your selues as fine
As Venus and all the Muses nine:
The Father himself, when he first made man
Trust mee truely:
Made you for his help, when the world began
In due time duely.

Then